Dear Human,

As a ghost,
I tend to be relegated
To my role
All I am or strive to be
Is a pronouncement
of woe
Or a pure, friendly
immateriality

But underneath,
I have feelings, too,
My own kind of feelings
Which are only revealed
Once,
As it were

Thank you for your attention
I know I'm hard to read
There's a life hidden inside me

Signed sincerely, A Ghost